

WASHINGTON CRITIC



EVERY EVENING.
BY THE
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BALLET KILBOURN, PRESIDENT.

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THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,
Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 26, 1899.

PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTIONS.

The Cabinet meets on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12:30 p. m.

Senators and Representatives in Congress will be received by the President every day, except Mondays, from 10 till 12.

Persons not members of Congress having business with the President will be received from 12 till 1 on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Those who have no business, but call merely to pay their respects, will be received by the President in the East Room at 3 p. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Mr. G. Stein of the Geological Survey is alarmed lest we, as a people, are becoming Africanized. He showed in a paper read last night that, according to the last census, while the white population, including emigration, has increased but 29 per cent. in ten years, the colored population increased 55 per cent. In the same time the native white population, exclusive of emigration, has increased but 29 per cent. If these figures are correct, Mr. Stein argues, it will not be long before in the South the whites will be almost entirely displaced by the negroes, and if the increase continues in the present proportions, the same thing will be true of the whole country.

The gentlemen who replied to Mr. Stein's paper could only hope that the next census would make a better showing. They were singularly forgetful of the real argument in the case. Even supposing the census figures correct—as no doubt they are, approximately—the deduction he reaches is not justified. The white race in the United States is not becoming Africanized.

That the census returns may indicate a greater percentage of increase among the colored than the white population is true, but the census omits one fact. It does not say that the increase is largely light-colored. It is well to look facts of this kind in perspective. The full-blooded negro in this country has almost disappeared. With each succeeding generation there is a gradual change toward the Caucasian. The relations of the races make this possible. It may not be moral, but it is a fact. There is no danger of Africanization in this country.

THE GROUND HOG'S GLORY.

The ground hog should be elated. He is coming out of his hole just in time to find himself a public character of importance. Representative Martin of Illinois, Legislature—stead, earnest, efficient, with no suggestion of humor in his composition—has introduced a bill fixing the date for groundhog day as April 14 and making it a legal holiday. The bill sets forth that the celebration of dates among people as when the ground hog makes his exit ranges from February to April, and it says that the General Assembly should fix the date. The final clause declares that a great emergency exists, and that the law shall take effect immediately upon passage. It also further provides that the Governor annually by proclamation shall call attention to the holiday. A committee has reported favorably on the measure.

It is to be hoped the passage of the Illinois bill will not spoil the woodchuck, will not make him 'stuck up' and unkind of his hole and declare as to whether spring is coming early or not. There is not much danger of this, though. There is a corrective of any undue pride in the woodchuck. The small boy and the bobtailed yellow dog will see to it that he keeps in mind that the world's glories are vain, and that all is gas and glories.

HON. JOHN C. NEW.

The attacks made on the character of Hon. John C. New, with the object of preventing his confirmation as Consul-General at London, will fall of their end. The charges are old, are notoriously false, and are inspired by no regard for the public good. A man of such force of character as John C. New naturally makes enemies, and some of them will be unscrupulous. Fortunately the situation is pretty well understood, and the Senate is not likely to be influenced by such an assault.

Mr. New will make a good Consul-General at London. He will discharge the duties of such an office faithfully, and with ability and dignity.

ANOTHER ASS.

Another ass has made a speech at a Confederate reunion. The fool this time is General Bradley T. Johnson, who said last night at the reunion and banquet of the Baltimore Light Artillery, C. S. A.:

I agree with General Foster, who appeared among us recently, that a Southern man is better any day than a Northern man. He was better on the field of battle, and is so today. We whipped our opponents when we met on equal grounds, and we whipped them when they outnumbered us two to one.

Were such persons as Foster and Bradley real representatives of the South the present condition of affairs would be pitiable. These men do not, however, represent the Confederates.

who fought so well. The great men of the Confederate army, still in actual life, do not talk in such blatant strain, nor seek to revive unpleasant memories. An era of good feeling has already dawned and neither the bombastic utterances of the Roosevelts and Johnsons, nor the bloody shirt wavings of extremists at the North can change the course of events. Each group belongs either to the class of loud-mouthed notoriety seekers or of narrow-minded and rancorous haters. They have become about as harmless as garter-snakes.

The Critic has been asked by a correspondent the time honored question: "Is the Lenten Fast a physical benefit to mankind?" and the Critic confesses to its inability to answer the question satisfactorily. It does not, however, give it up, but submits it to the physicians of the city and asks them to send in their views for publication. This is an interesting subject morally and physically, spiritually and temporally, and it is hoped the physicians will respond in accordance with the general interest of the subject.

Nervous prostration is quite the first among stage people at present. First it was Pauline Hall, then it was Mary Anderson, then Mrs. Langtry, now it is Julia Marlowe. Robert Downing and J. M. Hill are also laid low by nervous prostration. Abbey is just coming out of the docks. Now it is something like compound fracture of the maxillaries would strike John R. Rogers a gentle little love tap, the law of compensation would be beautifully exemplified.

Why are the Germans solid?—Chicago Tribune.

Because they sleep well, eat well, drink beer and don't worry.—N. Y. Times.

We must disagree with our usually acutely reasoning contemporary, the Sun. Our German fellow-citizens are rather more sensible than Americans in their mode of life in most respects, but they do worry. The German is apt to reason too submissively. He broods sometimes and commits suicide a great deal.

The appointment of recommendation by Mr. W. W. Foster of Mr. John Field as postmaster at Philadelphia has a tendency to strain the relations between the Postmaster-General and Senator Quay. Mr. Field is a good man, but he is not in politics, and politics is one of the few things which cannot be entirely disregarded in the matter of filling offices under the Government.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sanister has succeeded the late Mary L. Booth as editor of Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Sanister is known to the readers of the Critic as the author of the "Potatoes" of Harper's Young People and to many older persons for her poetic contributions to various publications.

What is the difference between an envoy extraordinary and an extraordinary envoy?—Inquirer.

It is the difference between an ordinary plenipotentiary and the new Minister to Austria.

Two strangers were talking on the cars one day. One was a portrait painter. After some time the other painter said: "What's your name?" "I am an artist," he replied, modestly.

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THE TOWN'S PHOTOGRAPH.

A very bright girl, the daughter of a Congressman, and well known in Washington society during the past winter, is a great reader of poetry.

"I love poetry," she said the other day, "and would give anything if I could write it."

"Did you ever try?" asked her companion.

"Never but once," she said, hesitatingly, and with a poetic blush, "never but once, and that ended my career forever. I was in school then, and the teacher insisted upon every girl in the rhetoric class writing a poem for next recitation day. I couldn't do it, and I wouldn't, but she insisted, and finally I just had to."

"What was the poem?" inquired her friend, anxiously.

"But the caution was of no avail, and she refused to divulge for some time, but at last gave up:

"Now fancy my delight,
For I have just met my true love,
A poem for the rhetoric class to-day.
My only hesitation
To do this for recitation
Is that I haven't thought of one darned word to say."

"Wasn't it awful?" she continued; "but the worst of it was the teacher's remark. It was before the whole school. But it brought down the house, and a very satisfied expression fell over her face."

Up to 5 o'clock yesterday there had been 20,000 visitors registered at Arlington since January 1, 1898; by the way, it is a record of our national history. The Memorial bridge across the Potomac from Observatory Hill.

"I want a 'pigs in a clover' suit," said a customer in a leading up-town bookstore yesterday.

"Haven't got one in the house, and can't get one," replied the stable clerk.

"Because the factory in New York can't turn them out fast enough to supply the demand in that city alone for the street fashions, are you handling the rest of them?"

The firm said our order for 500 would be entered, and as soon as it could be reached the puzzles would be shipped."

Another puzzle customer came in, and the first one went out.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Said Pasha," a new comic opera in two acts (which should be three) by Richard Stahl, was presented last night for the first time in Washington, at Albano's, to a fine audience, and it struck the pitch on the first round. The cast includes Francis Galland, Charles Turner, Stuart Harold, Stanley Field, Edwin Stevens, Helen Dinger, Alice Galland, Carrie Godfrey, names not the best known, but none the less capable people, with good voices and good interpretative powers. The opera and the singers fit each other admirably, and the general effect is remarkably pleasing.

The music is not great music, but the musical numbers and the solo concerted numbers and marches have in them distinct merits which fix themselves upon the sensory nerves in a delightful way which cannot be forgotten. The comic work of Mr. Stevens and Mr. Field is at all times original, but there is a deal of comedy in the turns that they play. The dialogue which catches on immediately with an audience. The choruses are well up and the girls are, figuratively speaking, very attractive. The costumes are exceedingly handsome and the scenery superb.

"Taking it by and large," said Pasha is an opera which is bound to please, and its pretty music will give Colonel Halford an opportunity to get his whistle once more in working order. Again to-night.

"Natural Gas" was the explosive power at the National last night and it blew up the audience. The comedy was based on the power and a good supporting company kept 46 going till the curtain went down and shut it off. "Natural Gas" is a terpsichorean, musical farce-comedy and is a thoroughly funny. It is a good thing to brace up on when one needs it badly and it will be on draught all week.

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MATTER WORTH READING.

Bill Nye and the Death Rate. Bill Nye was lecturing in Pennsylvania a short time ago with James Whitecomb Bailey. One of his appointments was Mr. Nye, as it is said, felt very much depressed. It is a peculiarity of humorists to be melancholy at times. One of the committee went back of the scenes to see him, and the depressed humorist welcomed him as a scene of unusually good sunshine. They shook hands—Nye earnestly, the committeeman decorously.

"Mr. Nye," he said, gravely, "you will find this an unusually happy city."

"Ah!" said the humorist, "Yes; the death rate is only one a day."

At this juncture Nye took the committeeman by the arm and hurriedly asked: "Is the death rate one a day?"

"Dead!" ejaculated the committeeman.

"Why, the man for to-day," was the grave reply.

The committeeman stared with all his might into the immovable face of the lecturer.

"Isn't there a clerk, or register, or corner, or something like that, of whom you could find out whether a man for to-day has died?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so," slowly replied the committeeman.

"You could go to so good, then, as to find out if the man for to-day is dead? If he is dead I am all right, for we leave the city early to-morrow morning; but if he is not dead I can't but feel uneasy about myself, as I am not well to-night."

The kind-hearted committeeman hurried away to get the information.

When Nye and Bailey were in their room that night a bell-boy told Nye that a gentleman wished to see him. He went down into the parlor of the hotel and there met the committeeman.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mr. Nye," he said, "but I don't get the information earlier. It is all right. That death rate spoke of was only an average, and a man died this morning."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Logging By Steam. Forest Commissioner Theodore B. Baseline has introduced logging by steam into the woods of Lewis County, New York. He has built a steam sleigh which is capable of carrying 15,000 feet of logs, equivalent to the loads of fifteen teams of horses. The contrivance resembles a box car. The motive power is furnished by a boiler seven feet high and weighing four tons and two engines of 300-horse power each. There are four drive-wheels weighing two tons each and arranged by a system of gears to haul steam, condensed into water, falls continually before the runners of the sleigh, turning the snow into ice. The machine costs \$8,000, and is expected to be a profitable investment on account of the saving in cost of teams and men.

His First Appearance. A paragraph going the rounds of Georgia papers tells of the first appearance of a colored lawyer in Atlanta. It was when Aaron Alperior Bradley went to the State Senate. Bradley was a kind-hearted mulatto, a sharp fellow, too, and when he rose unexpectedly in the court-room one day to defend a case the lawyer on the other side was so indignant at the impudence that he immediately forgot everything he knew. The mulatto lawyer called for the papers in the case, looked at them through his eyeglasses, and made a motion to dismiss upon some technicality. The Court granted the motion, and Bradley, with an aggravating look on his face, swaggered off, leaving the white lawyer so full of rage and mortification that he would not open his mouth.

She Was Alarmed. One of the American girls who was presented at the Queen's drawing-room, was so embarrassed that she made quite a fuss. She wholly ignored the Queen until after she had saluted the Princess of Wales, when she suddenly turned around and addressed her Majesty by saying: "Oh, I beg your pardon, madam," grabbed her royal highness by the hand, and kissed her along the line. The Queen, who is a terrible stickler about matters of etiquette, at first looked angry, then, catching a sight of the amused smile of the Princess of Wales, she burst into a pleasant laugh and sent the discomfited debutante away with a few kindly words.

Hard boiled eggs, cut them into halves lengthwise, take out the yolks carefully, mash them fine, add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of chopped ham or tongue, and mix all together. Bake in a hot oven. Fill the whites with the mixture and press the corresponding halves together; hold them for a moment until there is no danger of their falling apart. Now dip them carefully in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. Serve with a tomato sauce and a good gravy.—March Table Talk.

The Oldest Obelisk. The oldest of all the obelisks which stands alone among the green fields upon the banks of the Nile, not far from Cairo, is the gravestone of a great ancient city which has vanished and left only this relic behind. The city was the Behnethem of the scriptures, the famous On, which is memorable to all Bible readers as the residence of the priest of Pithorah, whose daughter, Asenath, Joseph married. The Greeks called it Pelusium, the city of the sun, because there the worship of the sun had its chief centre and its most sacred shrines.

The Not Oldest Postmaster. S. E. Palmer of Terry, N. Y., thought he was the oldest postmaster in this country till the boast was published. Since then the oldest postmaster (on the face of the earth) has been reported. He is Roswell Beardsly of North Lansing, Tompkins County, N. Y., appointed during the administration of John Quincy Adams, and continued during all the changes of administration from the time to this, a period of sixty-three years. He is now nearly 90 years of age and is hale and hearty, and to all appearances, will live to complete his term of office under President Harrison.

Hard on the Women. There is said to be an unrepentant lawbreaker in New Jersey, named the State of New Jersey, which provides "that all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of seduction, shall be liable to the penalties of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

Edison's Exhibit. The feature of Edison's exhibit at the Paris Exposition will be an enormous and complete of an incandescent lamp, forty feet high and made entirely of small incandescent lights, of which it will be necessary, it is said, to use 20,000. The French and American flags will be worked out in incandescent lamps on either side of the big lamp.

Topolobampo All Right. New York World. The latest news from Topolobampo is to the effect that the colonists have voted to spend \$100 in the purchase of soap. This is an end to the report that Topolobampo was founded in the interests of Anarchy.

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PRIZE CONUNDRUM CONTEST.

The prize conundrums are still pouring in. As announced the prize of \$5 is for the best lot of original conundrums with their answers, to be sent in to this office before April 1. These will be given daily. The conundrums may be sent in at any time—the sooner the better. The award will be made by Mr. W. J. Lampton of THE CRITIC editorial staff. The prize offered is insignificant, but the contest is droll and it is hoped THE CRITIC's readers will continue to enter into it heartily for the amusement it will afford. Here are another lot:

A Little One. Why is a mouse's tale like a small glass of whisky? Because it is a "wee nippy." A. A. Clarendon Hotel.

The Fountain Stork. Why should the stork be removed from the top of the Cogswell fountain? Because it will make the water foul (water-fowl).

One on Powers. Why was Hiram Powers the meanest sculptor? Because he chiseled the Greek Slave out of a piece of marble.

Deadly. Why should a cemetery bell know the tumescence of the grave-yard? Because it has been so often tolled (told).

For the Little Ones. Why are kids and balloons the cheapest toys? Because they are made for ascent (a cent).

A Neocromancer. Why would an African man make the best magician? Because he is a genuine negro man, sir (neocromancer).

Why is a school black-board like the earth? Because the children of men multiply upon its surface.

A Little Ahead. Why is the mainmast of a ship like the first of a brood of chickens? Because it is a little in advance of the main hatch.

Another "E." Why has the letter E the most staying qualities? Because it is the last to leave—and remains at the end of life.

Oh! A man goes to the depot and arrives there ten minutes before train time, what time is it? Ten minutes to wait.

Temperate. Why should a temperance man never marry? Because if he had a wife, his principles would not allow him to support her (sup porer).

The Herodias Joke. Who was the fastest girl mentioned in the Scriptures? Herodias' daughter, because she got a head of John, the Baptist, on a charger.

The Difference. What is the difference between a facsimile and a fake family? One answers as well—the other, not so well.

They Will Not Admit It. Why are hotel keepers generally the more ignorant of people? Because they are in-experienced (in-experienced).

Where He Should Go. If the Devil were to lose his tail, where would he get another? Where they retail spirits.

Dreadful. Why is the noise made by a railway train like a caricature? It is a car tune (cartoon).

The End Man's. Why are fish like ambitious statesmen? They are eager for debate (the bait).

Why do only sensible fish bite at a bait? Because the others are caught insane (in seine).

Some Are Not. Why is a thief tracked by a detective like a leopard? Because he is spotted on the hide.

Short. What word is there, if you add two more letters, it will become shorter?

Level. What word is there that will spell forward and backward the same?

First Class in Algebra. A student B. on the road with the "same" says to B. You give me one of your sheep, and I will have as many as you. B. then says, You give me one of your sheep, and I will have just twice as many as you. How many did each have? A had five and B seven. C. P. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Mrs. Elliot of Maryland is visiting her sister, Mrs. Niles.

Mrs. Emma Janey is visiting Atlantic City with Mr. and Mrs. David Mahon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Burns of Calteteburg, Ky., are in the city on a short visit.

The Informal Assembly will give a mid-Lenten dance this evening at the National Rifle Hall.

Mrs. Daisy Van Rensselaer will leave in a few days for Portland, Ore., where she will visit her aunt.

Mrs. E. J. Levy, nee Loring, of Boston is the guest for a few weeks of Mrs. Merson, at 2428 Fourteenth street.

Mr. Frank M. Dixon will leave shortly for a visit to Philadelphia, whence Mr. Dixon will return with a bride.

Dr. and Mrs. James Radcliffe are again at home after a visit of seven weeks to New Orleans and the Gulf coast.

Mr. Reginald Radford and wife are the guests of Admiral and Mrs. Radford at their elegant home on N street.

Mr. Harry H. Wyeth has been the guest of his friend Mr. Balch of New York, who was in the city for a brief sojourn.

Excursion parties to Boston and New York are being organized by the winter quarters on General Beale's farm, near Hyattsville, are a popular Lenten pastime.

The friends of Mr. Charles Stanley will be glad to see him on once more, and he himself has just much flesh ("Richard is himself again").

Mrs. Ida May Halliwell, who for two months has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Johnston, has returned to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Nichols, who is known as the prettiest young lady in Petersburg, Va., is the guest of Miss Carr and Mrs. Admiral Stanley for a few weeks.

Mrs. Mullien and her family have returned from Baltimore and will return to housekeeping at their old residence on Connecticut avenue.

Mr. Hubbard Taylor-Smith has written a new song, "Bill Kelly's New Spring Nipples," which promises to be as popular as some of his other compositions.

Mrs. Roselle has returned from a visit to Philadelphia, and has resumed her former position in the choir of the Ascension Church, where her charming contralto voice is always an attraction.

Mrs. Harrison's health is much improved, and in a few days she hopes to be able to once more take charge of her household affairs. Yesterday both Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison attended the tea at the Art Loan Exhibition.

There was a well attended residence of C. Baum, No. 1770 Massachusetts avenue, this afternoon, the contracting parties being Mrs. L. Baum, the bride, and Mr. Baum, both of New York City. The floral decorations of the mansion were superb, having been entrusted to Small of this city.

Mrs. Webb, who will leave Washington this week for a lengthy visit to friends in New York, gave a charming tea to a dozen of her friends yesterday. Among those present were Mrs. M. H. Peacock, Miss Bokart, Miss Ball, Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. White, Mr. Mead, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Baum.

Mrs. Harrison has recovered from her indisposition sufficiently to leave her room, but has thus far been compelled to deny herself to visitors. Mrs. Fred. Grant and Mrs. Sawyer, daughter of the late General Wisconsin, paid a call at the White House this morning and were received by Mrs. Russell Harrison.

Mrs. Cleveland will visit Colonel and Mrs. Dan. Lamont some time during July or August at their pretty Sorrento cottage. This is the only detached house in the city yet come to regarding her summer vacation. It is probable, however, that the ex-President and his wife will spend a couple of weeks in the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Folson has invested in property at Sorrento, upon which she will build in the near future, so that, with the handsome cottage now being erected by General Greely for a permanent summer home, the attractions of the island are rapidly increasing. It will, doubtless, this summer be a popular place of resort for prominent Washingtonians.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

(Communications on any matter of current interest will be cheerfully printed in this column under this head. Letters should in all cases be as brief as possible.)

The Monitor. Washington, March 25.—Editor Critic: The following letter is from General Neal Dow of Portland, Me.: "Portland, Me., March 21.—Hon. S. C. Pomeroy: As we are just now hearing so much of the late John Erbeson and his connection with the original Monitor and her engineers, I have endeavored to me that while credit in the premises is Captain Erbeson's due and should be awarded to him, we should not lose sight of the gentleman without whom the Monitor had never been.

"It is as old as the Christian era, that we must render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and, in fulfillment of this injunction of the Master, we must render the due and full credit of the invention of the revolving turret to Theodore R. Timby, its author and originator.

"That Mr. Timby is the inventor of the revolving turret is certain, and I can see no sense or justice in giving to another the honor which of right belongs to him. On the contrary, he is entitled to the thanks of Congress and a pension of \$10,000 a year.

THE W. C. T. U. The Ladies Meet to Discuss the Work of the Quarter. A half a hundred ladies gathered in the lecture-room under the Calvary Baptist Church at Eighth and H streets, this morning, and after singing and praying for an hour, began the transaction of the business of the quarterly meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia. Mrs. L. Peters presided.

A vote of thanks was given to the officers of the quarterly meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the District of Columbia. Mrs.